DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1905. NUMBER 12

Published every week.
$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

QUO VADIS, DOMINE?

From Rome, 'tis said along the Appian Way,
His faith sad shaken in its constancy,
The great apostle Peter once did flee,
Just as the dawn proclaimed the coming day
And fleeing, met the Lord in bright array,
Who said to him "Quo Vadis, Domine?"
"To Rome to die a second time for thee."
And Peter, weeping, then his flight did stay.

To-day, in person Christ comes not to men,
But when I turn to flee from duty's ground,
Oft times I think I hear his voice again
Sound as old Saint Peter heard it sound,
And bid me stay my selfish flight; and then
New strength for duty closes me around.

Frederick Grosby Lee

MOLLY CAMERON

By Margaret Sangster

"Paw," said Molly's mother, "Molly wants to go over the mountain to that Asheville school."

Paw was sitting by the open fire, his pipe in his mouth. He was a big, raw-boned mountaineer, grave and silent. There were seven sons and one daughter in the family. The daughter, Molly, was the pride of her father's heart and the light of his eyes.

"I reckon we'll have to let her go, if she's set on it, Maw," was all that he said, but he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and with the slow, unhurried gait of the mountaineer, went out and up the road a piece. He did not need to put on his hat. It was never off his head except when he went to church, and that was seldom, there being no regular church services in the part of the mountain where the Camerons lived.

Once in five or six weeks a preacher came round, and there would be a service, when the lean, gaunt men, and the thin, tired women would walk for miles, or ride on horseback to attend, their children often coming with them. These occasional services were the only gleams of culture that broke the monotony of the isolated life by the people of Cameron's Creek

The cabin of Aleck Cameron clung to the side of the mountain like a nest; the color of the woods and hills seemed to be absorded in its walls of rough-hewn logs. Inside it was comfortable and warm. From its doors one looked into a wide sea of mountains, lifting their rugged shoulders everywhere, and shutting in the little hamlets and clearings as if within a fortress.

Aleck Cameron, blue-eyed, sandy-haired, with the high cheek-bones of his Scottish fore-fathers, came of the strong stock that, across sea, bred poets and philosophers. Little learning had been his portion, but he was fond of reading, and the few books he owned had been read many times. Molly inherited his tastes. He had always felt that she would be a scholar if she had the chance, and yet he somehow resented her wish to go away from him, and attend school.

She was hurrying home, a slim girl in a blue cotton frock that fell in straight folds to her ankles. Her dark hair was hidden under a sun-bonnet, and a little gray shawl was crossed over her breast. Molly was very pretty. Her mother had once been pretty, though in her sallow face only the large, soft eyes retained any trace of beauty. Hard work, and a diet of bacon, hot bread, and strong coffee, make havoc of women's looks in the mountains.

"So, honey," said her father, as the girl came tripping up to him, and slipped her little brown hand within his, "Maw says you hanker after schooling. That is because you talked to that preacher's wife so long last Sunday. Would you go and leave us, daughter? I reckon you'd be mighty homesick, and want to come back."

"Yes, paw. I'd be mighty homesick, but I'd stay. It wasn't the lady altogether, Paw. I've been a-wanting, an' a-wanting, an' a-wanting a chance this long time, an' I'm getting old, Paw. I've got to hurry if I'm not goin to be too late."

"How old are you, honey?"

"Sixteen," said Molly Cameron. She said it as if she had been sixty. At sixteen girls often feel that they have attained a most mature age, especially girls who live in old-fashioned country neighborhoods, where their friends of eighteen and twenty are mostly married.

"Only, Paw, I do hate to ask you to spend the money. But after I've graduated, I'll work hard and pay you every cent. See if I won't."

"Shucks!" said the mountaineer. "I don't want you to worry over the money, daughter. If Maw can have you ready by day after to-morrow, I'll take you to the school, honey. I'm pretty sure you'll have grit enough to stick, once you'r thar."

What Molly Cameron suffered from shyness, and strangeness and longing, nobody knows except those who, like her, have found themselves in an environment utterly different from the accustomed one, and in a situation where everything has seemed unreal. Molly's ways were uncouth. She had not been trained to use a toothbrush, or to eat with her fork.

She was not prepared to enter the lowest grade, but she could read and write, and the keys of all knowledge were therefore in her hand. Before long she had discovered the teacher she wanted to be like, and Miss Eliot became the model whom she copied, imitating almost unconsciously her gestures, her dainty neatness, and the refined enunciation and clear tones of her low, sweet voice.

At faculty meeting, when Molly Cameron had been in the school nine months, some one asked which of the three hundred pupils had made most progress since entering.

"Molly Cameron," was the answer, unhesitatingly given. "She is going to be brilliant; she is thorough; she has splendid capacity." Miss Eliot spoke positively.

"Yes, and she is growing very like you," another teacher remarked teasingly.

Virginia Eliot blushed. She was rather sensitive about the habit the girls had of adopting all her little ways. But the president, who was wise and experienced, set her mind at rest with a wave of his courtly hand. He was a true gentleman of the old school, and a born educator.

"Nothing is so fine in education as personality," he said. "We can do nothing so good for our girls as to impress ourselves upon them. But it is a great responsibility."

Gradually Molly's very appearance changed. She had no money for the little accessories of dress that girls prize, but clean turn-overs and cuffs cost a mere trifle, and a ribbon for the hair that is smoothly combed, may be managed, if a girl has initiative.

There were opportunites to earn a little if the girls chose, and Molly was quick to avail herself of these. She helped in the kitchen, overtime. Part of her school work was there, but she gave hours for which she was paid a little. She was a very proud girl when she wrote home to her father that she had earned enough to buy her clothes for the next year.

She was walking across the campus one afternoon, near the end of the summer term, thinking happily that in a few days she would go home for vacation, and see them all again, when a telegram was put in her hand. Alarmed, her hands trembling so that she could hardly open it, she tore the envelope apart.

"Come," it said, "Mother died last night."

Miss Eliot went with her to the terminal of the railway, where a neighbor was waiting with a covered wagon and a team. There she left her. Molly had not shed a tear. The dry-eyed misery in her face touched her teacher's heart. She could not comfort her. As they parted, she said, "Molly, you must be brave. You will have the rest to comfort, my dear."

"I ought not to have left Maw. If I had staid she might be alive now." It was the old, old plaint, as old as earth itself, that love and bereavement are always making.

There was no returning to school next year. Instead, Molly tried her best to fill her mother's empty place, but it was not easy. The mother had pervaded the home, as mothers do. Her simple housewifery had absorbed her life, and no one had dreamed how it had exhausted her.

When Molly had the cooking, scrubbing, sewing, washing, and all to do for the boys and her father, she found that it taxed her whole young strength to get through it. She began to grow round-shouldered and heavy-eyed. The slowly moving months dragged along. She was poring over a Latin Grammar by the light of a pine knot, one afternoon in the gathering dusk, when her father, more taciturn now than ever, came in and looked at her.

"Honey," he said. "You can pack your trunk and go to school next year and finish."

"But no, father, I can't be spared." Yet he saw the flash, not from the fire, that illumined her face.

"Yes, you can, Molly. I'm going to be married."

Now she turned pale and her face took on a resentful expression.

"I've not forgot your mother. I never shall. But you need your own life. I need a housekeeper. Martha Steele will make me a good wife, and she'll take care of the boys. You go back to school, honey."

It was a long speech for Aleck Cameron. He added to it after a moment, "Your mother had a gold watch, honey, and a black silk dress, and a little white shawl. She would have wanted you to have them. I'll put them in your trunk myself. When you are through school, you can be a lady and teach if you like, and you can help me educate the boys. Teddy is a smart little chap." Teddy was the youngest.

* * * *

Several years later, a traveler passing through the Cameron Creek region saw a little church, its white spire pointing heaven ward, and near it a small school house, with thrifty plants and bright vines around its door.

The hamlet that focussed most os its activity around the blacksmith'f shop and the store, had an air of clean prosperity formerly lacking. A definite tidiness had taken the place of dirt and disorder. The saloon had vanished.

"Seems to me," said the stranger, "there's an improvement here. You 've been forging ahead."

"Right you are," said the blacksmith. "That little girl of Aleck Cameron's, when she came home from school, went straight to work. She persuaded us to build the school. Then she started a Sunday School and a singing service in the school. On top o' that she begged us to build a church. We did. We have got a minister now, an' he preaches every Sunday. Molly Cameron, with the Lord's help," here the old fellow took off his hat, "has, to put it mildly, transmogrified this community. Yes, sir, she has."

Molly Cameron, a tall, gentle girl, was pointed out to the stranger later. He looked at her, noted the firm mouth, the womanly brow, the tender, lustrous eyes, and knew that she and others like her were quietly revolutionizing the land of their birth.

"God bless her," he said. "God help her," and rode out of the mountains. From his far-away home later, he sent an organ for Molly Cameron's Church.—*Christian Herald.*

Have Many Weather Signs.

Country people have a great contempt for those who can not tell what the weather is going to be till they have looked at their expensive barometers or seen the weather indications in the morning paper. They have so many simple ways of finding out what they wish to know about the weather and are so accustomed to doing this that they make the observations almost mechanically.

Ask one of them how to do this and he will give you a long list of simple weather gauges.

For instance, if you are a smoker look at your cigar tip. If it burns with a clear, red glow, the day will be fine, but if it has a charred end that refuses to burn brightly, take your umbrella. If a slipper creaks it is sure to be fine; if it is silent it will be damp.

In damp weather newspapers are easily torn, gloves contract and are difficult to put on, matches will not light easily, silk hats become dull, awning cords are tight, boot laces snap and a score of inanimate things tell to the initiated that there is rain to come.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

Subscribe for the Deaf-Mutes' Journal. Only one dollar a year.

The Prince of Story-Tellers

Almost a hundred years ago, in a queer little village called Odense, there was a boy baby born, who was destined when he grew up to be one of the greatest story-tellers the world has ever known, and to give delight to a larger number of child readers than almost any other person who ever lived. Odense is only a few miles from Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, so you will known just where this remarkable boy lived.

The boy's name was Hans. His father was a poor shoemaker, who had all he could do to find means of supporting his family. Their home was the top part of a house, which was used both as a hop and a living-room. The only garden they had was a large wooden box filled with earth, in which they planted their vegetables, and which was kept on the roof.

Hans acquired most of his scanty education at a charity school. He loved to read books, and when he could not find books to read he used to ask his father and all the old people of the village to tell him stories. These stories he never forgot, and long afterward he told them in his own beautiful style to please other children.

Hans was fond of being out of doors, and taking long walks in the fields and woods; it made him so happy to pick the flowers and to hear the birds sing. All these things had a delightful influence upon the after life of the boy.

Although of a gentle and studious nature, Hans had plenty of character. When only a little fellow, he was once sent into the wheat fields with other children to glean the wheat that was left after the harvesting. As they were busy gathering their little handfuls they were ordered off by an angry bailiff, who rushed at them with a whip. All the other children ran away as fast as they could, but little Hans stood his ground and faced the threatening bailiff with a fearless air.

"Do you know that God is watching you, and that he will punish you for striking an innocent child?" he said to the man.

The bailiff's anger was appeased in a moment by the lad's manly stand, and he sent him home with gifts instead of the blows he had threatened.

Hans was only nine years old when he lost his father, and he and his mother were left alone to care for each other. His mother wanted him to be a tailor, but he already had his dreams and ambitions.

"No," he said, "I will not be a tailor. I am going to Copenhagen to study. Some day I shall write books."

So at the age of fourteen the plucky lad left his native village and trudged all the way to Copenhagen on foot. What he would do there he did not know, and for months the poor, friendless boy waited and suffered, working whenever an opportunity offered, and earning scarely enough to keep him from starvation. Finally, when he was all but discouraged, he was called one day to the house of a kind-hearted man who had heard of this strange lad who loved to hear stories, and told them so well that he could make his hearers laugh or cry as he pleased. The man told him that he would send him to school and care for him until he was able to write all the stories he wished.

It was the beginning of a new life for Hans. He put his whole heart into his studies; he did not lose an hour or a minute, and he became a fine scholar. Every night he slept in an attic, through whose narrow windows he could look out upon the great moon and the bright, silent stars.

Long afterward, when he was a man, he wrote a book called "A Picture Book Without Pictures," which tells of the many scenes on which the moon looks down. When you come to read it you will learn that, while this strange boy sat by the attic window, his mind was busy with thoughts of the flowers, and the trees, and the birds He wrote many stories for children as he grew older, and it seemed as if he never grew tired of making little folks happy. His books were read in every land, and the children learned to love him and feel that he was their friend.

The people of his own Denmark loved him so much that they caused a grand marble statue to be carved in his honor, and had it placed in the public gardens where the children played. It represented Hans engaged in telling a story to a group of children.

The statue was unveiled upon his birthday, and they made a great holiday. All ranks and all ages turned out to show their love for the great story-teller; letters and costly gifts were sent to him from many a noble friend, and the king himself was one of those who honored him. The children, whom he loved so well, threw flowers in his pathway.

When he died there was grief in many homes for they all missed a dear and valued friend

And now, who was this man whom the children all loved and who wrote so many books and told so many interesting stories? You have read some of them, perhaps—"The Ugly Ducklight," "Only a Fiddler," and his "Fairy" stories and I am sure you, too, love Hans Christian Anderson.—*Ex.*

Moving Pictures of the Inauguration at the Eden Musee

The management of the Eden Musee of New York City always endeavers to be thoroughly up to date. It was for this reason the Musee, long in advance, made special arrangements for taking moving pictures of the inauguration of President Roosevelt on March 4th. The best possible positions were secured with the consent of the President. The pictures secured of this great event are now on exhibition at the Musee each afternoon at 3.30 and each evening at 9 30 o'clock. They show almost every feature of the day. At least a dozen different pictures of President Roosevelt are shown and in each he is bowing and smiling to the spectators and one can almost hear him say "delighted." A good view is given of the Rough Riders as well as of the crack regiments from the different States. One picture shows a large body of troops marching at double quick. A splendid view of Pennsylvania Avenue is given, and the decorations and grand stands along the line of march. The Cabinet officials and diplomats are easily recognized on the reviewing stand, and one picture shows the President taking the oath and delivering his speech. Altogether, seeing these pictures is almost as interesting as a visit to Washington. In the wax department there have been many changes and improvements. One of these is the placing of a figure of the great Field Marshal Oyama of Japan among the People Talked About. It is an excellent likeness and represents the great warrior in full uniform. Moving pictures are shown hourly in the Winter Garden, and the afternoon and evening concerts have choice programmes.

Colonial Theatre.

The first night of "Leah Kessler," a respectful burlesque on "Leah Kleschna," at the Colonial Music Hall Monday, proved as interesting a theatrical event as the production of a travesty in the old Weber and Field's days.

Mrs. Fiske cordially sanctioned the burlesque and aided both Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton, the producers, in every way she could. The sketch, lasting 50 minutes, is filled with humorous lines and laughable situations. Miss Fenton who burlesqued Mrs. Fiske's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" as "Tess of Weber Field's" has an even funnier part as "Leah Kessler." The five scenes of "Leah Klechna" are exactly reproduced with the exception of the "Lettuce field." Instead there is a cabbage patch, prettily arranged, with Daisy Greene, the dashing Florodora beauty, as the queen of the cabbage patch girls.

The vaudeville bill includes the "Eight Vassar Girls"; Ricoboni's horses; the Marco Twins, in a grotesque act; Kelly and Ashby, comedy acrobats; Tom Almond, the London Music Hall Comique; Charles Ward, the original Bowery boy; Kenyon and De Garmo, in feats of balancing; marvellous trained Quadrupeds, and Biograph.

Edgewood Park, Pa.

In the industrial world Pittsburg is a great magnet, attracting craftsmen and workmen of every class and from every section of this broad land. The deaf are no exception and are as unresistingly drawn hither as others who are in quest of work. There seems to be room for all and more. By latest news reports "Greater Pittsburg" will soon be a fact, but people who want to make a living are waiting for such a quesionable public benefit. The comers are Mr. Ross McDonald, of Erie, and Mr. Milton Haines, from the eastern part of the State. Mr. McDonald, a recent graduate from our school, has secured a good position on the *Pittsburg Observer*, a weekly publication, and we have no doubt that he will give a good account of himself. He was one of the star printers at our office, and has spent quite a while in job and newspaper work at Meadeville. He is of the sticking kind. Mr. Haines has secured a position as tracer at the Westinghouse Electric Works, at East Pittsburg, a place hitherto supposed to be closed to deaf people. Mr. Haines expects to become a draughtsman in time. Mr. Carl Rhodes, of Washington, D. C., is another who has secured a position (a pattern maker) at the Bessemer Steel Works, Braddock.

Mr. Roy C. Brown, another of our old boys, turned up at the school lately. He has, for quite a while, been employed at the Tarentum Sheet Steel mills and makes good wages, too. Another of our boys, Leonard Palmer, works at the same place and the two hold their own with their more fortunate hearing fellow-workmen. Mr. Brown was taking a few days off on account of some lung trouble, but he did not expect to be laid up long. He has a wife to support now and must knuckle down and keep busy; cannot take to the woods and have a good time as he did when he was young and single.

Samuel Woodside, second son of Mr. Archibald Woodside, gave the old folks a gentle surprise a few weeks since, by quietly taking unto himself better half and leaving the paternal roof for his own vine and fig tree. The parents still have two children at home to cheer their fireside.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Moran have, after carefully 'cussing the pros and cons, decided to "pull up stakes," which indicates they have, spite of their disinclination, caught the flitting fever so prevalent at this season of the year. Since that day they escaped the deluge of rice and shower of old shoes, they have helped swell the population of Wilkinsburg, but now they've concluded that Greater Pittsburg needs them and they will accordingly step over the line and be next door neighbors (above) to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Zeber. The Zebers, by the way, are too diminutive to fill a very roomy house, so the Morans are going to help them do it. Fine lot of people that, under one roof!

Mrs. Laura Bigley Phelps surprised her numerous friends hereabouts by turning up in their midst last week. They had almost concluded that she was lost in that indefinable region, the West. She seems to be "the same old girl" excepting a certain dignity we didn't particularly notice before. She is visiting her mother, who resides near here, and will return to her western home in a few days. The west seems to agree with her, judging by her appearance, and while she did not say the west was "wild" she admitted it was "woolly." She did not explain whether she had refrence to "Mary's little lamb" or to the general characteristic of western breeziness. Any way, she seemed quite familiar with country life and could give you points on poultry, stock, and crops, like a veteran. That's not surprising, however, she always was an apt pupil.

Miss Minnie Leuth is back with the Bardeses again. It appears that Pittsburg, the Great, had no charms for her, and she was glad to get back to Wilkinsburg where she could get standing room.

Mr. George Vogeley is still slinging type at the *Call* office, Wilkinsburg, and is happy. George don't have to work, but he prefers to be busy, and thereby sets a good example for others who like to take things easy.

Mr George Hartley has been unemployed since January, owing to the closing down of the planing mill, where he has been employed continuously for about fifteen years. It is rather a dull sort of life to a man who has been accustomed to steady work and plenty of it. Spring building operations will soon be under way again, so we suppose he will soon be at it once more.

B. R. Allabough, the main pillar of the P. S. A. D., has been dodging a shower of congratulations all day—March 18th, another milestone on his road through life. The Misses Yendes, who occupy rooms in the Allabough shack, made the day memorable to him by having himself, Mrs. Allabough, and Mr. and Mrs. G. M Teegarden take dinner with them. This was a very pleasant, three cornered affair—the good things provided, the apparent pleasure of the providers, and the "proving of the pudding," by the visitors, made a combination hard to beat. Mr. Allabough is over forty, but he is doing lots to disprove Dr. Osler's theories.

Prof. Roberts, of the school faculty, gave a very instructive and interesting lecture on "Banks and Banking," at the literary meeting of the Pittsburg Branch of the G. C. A. A., this evening, March 18th. These lectures are the right thing, and we hope they will be kept up for a while, at least.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

When one is ill at night or can not sleep how the minutes seem to creep. Hours seem like days, but when we are having a pleasant time how time does fly. The latter was the case Saturday evening. During the winter Mrs Wm. Borinstein helped get up surprise parties on several deaf couples here, so Mrs. Wm. Gibbs thought it time Mrs. Borinstein had one given her. With Mr. C. Gibbs and Mrs. Colgan's help one was planned. Mrs. Colgan asked her sister to write her a card saying she would call and wanted Mrs. Borinstein to stay home, so she could see her. Of course she believed the card was true, so Mrs. Colgan went over to Mrs. Borinstein's to wait for her sister. Mr. Borinstein had to do his Saturday night's marketing and stopped in the corner drug store and was surprised to see Miss F. Hill and Mr. Bliss there. They said they met unexpectedly and were going to the city. No more was thought of it. About eight o'clock Mrs. Gibbs entered the Borinstein homestead and asked if Mrs. Colgan was there, and as she did so a long string of guests marched in and Mr. and Mrs. Borinstein then realized why Miss Hill and Mr. Bliss had been in the drug store, to await the arrival of the rest. It was a complete surprise for both and their two boys, too. A shadow game was played and much enjoyed by all. Visiting was most common that evening. Refreshments were served and it was all too soon time to go home.

On Dr. Z. F. Westervelt's birthday, a wax figure entertainment was given in the school chapel and several of the city deaf went down to see it, and pronounced it fine. The teachers presented him with a lovely hammock. Misses D. McCheseney and H. Schwingle are back, after being absent on account of illness.

Mrs. Sabra Wilson took Miss Myrtle Manning for a two weeks' visit with her when she left Rochester.

The wax figures entertainment given at the Institute on Dr. Z. F. Westervelt's birthday was so fine, it is to be repeated for the public, Thursday evening. Admission twenty-five cents.

Lent is here, news is scarce.

Tom.

The emigration from Great Britain, last year, totaled 453,531; of these 291,793 went to the United States, 91,737 to Canada, and 32,133 to South Africa.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1905.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year - $1.00
If not paid within six months, - 1.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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A FINE "Souvenir" of the Arkansas Deaf-Mute Institute, at Little Rock, with colored cover and about fifty half-tone views of the Board of Trustees, officers, buildings, pupils and activities of the school, tells its own story to the public in a most pleasing and tasteful and effective manner. Two pages are devoted to a catalogue of the administration and the *personnel* of the school, and the rest, beginning with a half-tone portrait of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, Governor of Arkansas, and ending with a three-page illustration of the American Manual Alphabet, are all neatly printed pictures. Among the illustrations, we recognize our old friend, Rev. J. W. Michaels, than whom there is not in all the South a more accomplished exponent of the language of signs; and the benevolent features of Superintendent Frank B. Yates. Both gentlemen are whilom Virginians. Mr. Michaels is a deaf-mute, but occupies the proud position of Principal of the Literary Department. The school has two hundred and twenty-five pupils, and their education is conducted on a broad and liberal system with high-grade results. One of the pictures shows a herd of Holstein cattle, according to the printed title of the half-tone; but, to the eye of the editor, one of them seems to be of Dutch belted stock. However, as our agricultural editor has gone out to lunch, this latter statement is simply a timorous hazard by the writer.

The "Souvenir," if judiciously distributed, will undoubtedly do much good in helping forward the educational interests of the deaf children of the "Bear State." There is nothing that more quickly attracts the public eye, or more strongly impresses the public mind, than a well-printed photographic reproduction.

THE oralists struck the true note of success when they evolved the plan of holding "Mother's Meetings." Nothing can give a stronger impulse to pure-oralism than the verdict of a meeting of mothers of deaf children.

No matter how one may view the matter, it is not the Principals of Institutions that decide the method of educating the deaf, but the parents of these deaf children.

Principals announce that the method will be adapted to the pupil, and not the pupil to the method.

The mother here comes in and insists that her child be taught to speak.

She is told that *some* deaf children can be taught profitably by the oral method, and quite naturally decides in her own mind that if any other woman's child can be taught to speak and read the lips, her own darling certainly can do likewise.

Can any one convince her otherwise?

Here is where experience in educating the deaf, logically presented, gets a jolt.

FOR boiling a deaf-mute child to death, the matron of a New Jersey day-nursery gets one year in prison. The extenuating circumstances are that she was drunk when the crime was committed. Evidently, the life of a deaf-mute child is of little consequence, if drunkenness can so mitigate the punishment, which otherwise would be twenty years, if not a life term. The wheels of Jersey justice have this time slipped a cog.

More About Signs.

From the Silent Hoosier.

[In the last impression of this paper was an editorial on "Degeneracy of the Sign-Language," in response to which Dr. De Motte addressed to us a communication which we herewith print editorially. Dr. DeMotte entered the work of teaching the deaf many years ago, when the sign-language was thought to merit the most careful study from those who desired to enter the profession. He has seen the day when the language was in its finest flower, and in this, its day of decadence, is still an exponent and, in their use, an example of beautiful signs, clearly made, with meaning completely conveyed and unmistakeable. Dr. DeMotte therefore speaks with an authority which we of the later generation do not have. His communication follows.]

The expression, "teaching signs to the deaf," is not strictly correct, and the idea that the process absorbed the time and taxed the mind of the pupil is entirely erroneous. Under the old regime, except for display in the way of public recitation or pantomime, signs were not taught. They were given. The only purpose of a sign was to present the idea of a word to the pupil's mind, and the instinctive readiness and ease with which the average deaf child caught and used such sign was anything but a study, a task. Just as a new word must be pronounced to the ordinary child, so a sign was given to the deaf. But you will observe that the sign was of much greater advantage to the deaf than the sound to the hearing, inasmuch as while the sound rarely carries with it the sense, the sign at once presented to the mind through the eye the full meaning, and enabled the pupil at once to sense and use the word correctly.

For instance: A hearing child comes to the combination of letters, "satisfied." You pronounce it for him. He repeats it correctly, but is still obliged to ask, "What does it mean?" In response you can only give him another word, as "contented," which, while similar in content, is not the same in meaning. Your child does not yet learn the word, and will still have to find out when and how it must be used. When the deaf child calls for introduction to this word, the teacher holds his left hand partly closed as if it were a cup, and, passing his right open hand over the top to indicated fullness, adds a pleased expression of the face and an affirmative nod of the head, giving him all and no more than the meaning of the word, and what no other word means exactly. When he comes to that other word, "contented," so frequently and incorrectly used for it, the teacher places the hands in a fixed position—a purely natural sign for "stay"—and adds the pleased expression and the affirmative nod. In "satisfied," he has the pleasure from fullness of possession; in "contented," from continuance in position. In response to your suggestion, he will readily write, "I am satisfied here, but I am not contented," and proceed in simpler signs to say that while he has enough food, clothes, etc., he would rather be at home.

As I write this, the process seems long and involved, but in reality it is simple and instantaneous. Try it.

I knew in the earlier years of my connection with the teaching of the deaf a teacher who kept upon his table standard dictionaries of four or five languages, that he might be able to get at the root of any word for which he need to make a sign. (The Century Dictionary had not then been published.) Words were grouped in families, under one radical sign, and distinguished from each other by some additional movement or facial expression to indicate the part of speech or variation of meaning. Signs thus made became vehicles of meaning in a shape which could not only be sensed but used with absolute accuracy.

The fault found at present, and very justly too, is with the insignificant, inadequate fumbling, called, by those who know no better, signs. This fact you referred to in your valuable leader in last week's issue. No one who was ever thoroughly acquainted with the sign-language can see it pass out of use without regrets, yet we must admit in the present condition of degeneracy it must go.

THE "DOOM" OF THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

The lastest issue of the *Silent Hoosier* contained quite a lengthy editorial discussing the deterioration and degeneracy of the sign language, and it closed with the ominous declaration that the sign language is doomed.

If the editor of the *Hoosier* had attended the Congress of the Deaf at St. Louis last August, and had seen the pleasure and profit which the hundreds of deaf people there assembled derived from the use of the sign language, he might have concluded that the doom he predicts is pretty remote, even if it is really approaching. For a hundred and fifty years the oral method has prevailed in Germany by the help of legal enactment. Yet the educated deaf of the Empire have numerous clubs, societies, and other organizations in which the sole medium of communication is the "doomed" sign language. The same is true of the deaf of Italy and of other countries where the law has made oralism predominant. Here is a mathematical problem for some one to figure out: If, after one hundred and fifty years of pure oralism in Germany, backed up by the law, the educated deaf of that country use the sign language among themselves, how long at the same rate, before the sign language is doomed to "innocuous desuetude" in America, where public opinion, rather than law, determines methods?

Speech, a sound language, is natural to those who hear. Signs, a visual language, are natural to those who cannot hear. The deaf can be taught to speak and to read speech from the lips, but these will be artificial, not natural, acquirements. There can be no absolute triumph of the artificial over the natural. Law may establish the oral method throughout the world and forbid the use of signs. But signs will still be used. There can be no successful legislation against nature and natural instincts. History has proved it. Tyrants have found it out to their cost. Repression, however severe, fails. Nothing but annihilation of a race or class will eradicate their natural instincts.

We are inclined to the belief that our friend of the *Hoosier* is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and that the sign language is far from doomed, in the sense that he uses the word. Rather is it doomed, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, to haunt both the sleeping and the waking dreams of its foes, the oralists, not "for a certain term" only, but until the end of time, or until that "certain cure" for deafness, so much advertised becomes a reality.—*Editorial in Minn. Companion.*

Hoy as a Ball Player.

"Dummy Hoy introduced many curious and wonderful innovations into the game in his day," says Lave Cross. "He was playing centerfield for Cincinnati one afternoon when our old St. Louis team was there for the series. In the first inning the man ahead of me in the batting order sent a long, low fly to Hoy, which he caught after a hard run, and we all noticed that he held the ball for a long time after it was in his hands.

"When the ball finally came back the pitcher picked it up carefully, looked at it as if he were searching for something and then gave me two low incurves, at which I made futile swings.

"Out of sheer curiosity, I stepped on the plate and asked to see the ball. The catcher handed it over, and there on its new white surface was scratched in Hoy's well known hand:

"'Low in-curve.'

The pitcher had followed 'Dummy's' tip and already had me 2—0. And even then Hoy had not exhausted his ingenuity, for he lifted his hands and gave Rhines a sign signal, which I interpreted as meaning, 'fast one, straight across,' but which really was a 'slow one,' and I struck out, greatly to Hoy's delight."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

An Association of Editors.

It has been suggested by several that the editors of the institution papers organize and hold a meeting during the Convention at Morgan-ton. Such a meeting was held at Chicago in 1893. Several papers were read, and if we remember correctly, steps were taken towards forming a permanent organization. For some reason, lack of interest, probably, the association died at its first meeting, and nothing has occurred since to indicate that it had many mourners. The institution paper has sufficient importance to give it a place on the program of the convention. Its relation to the printing office, the school in general, to parents, and to former pupils might well be discussed, not by the editors alone, but also by superintendents and teachers as well. In addition to a dicussion of the subject in the Convent'on, it might be well for the editors to withdraw to talk the matter over among themselves. Each could modestly point out the virtues of the paper he presides over and show the defects of all others. In this way considerable interest could be aroused, and if the average editor is as ready with his tongue as he is with his pen, there would be overcoats needed at the meeting.—*Mt. Airy World.*

Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P.M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

More than 50 persons were frozen to death in the recent cold wave in Germany.

Zenoisms.

When Emerson wrote on Compensation, he never thought of eunuchs, one-legged men, or deaf-mutes.

We do not say to Booker Washington: "Why be distressed about your negroes? There are black men in Africa worse off than they; they wear a collar for a dress, cure sickness by chants and have boiled babies for dinner."

* * *

Deafness is not a moral fault, but simply a physical defect, differing from the loss of a leg or the absence of an arm nerve, in that it undoubtedly has "psychical influences."

It is comforting to a deaf-mute to think that there will some day be a deaf-mute President at the White House. But it concerns alone him and his thoughts, as we know that the event will occur only when the status of the hearing people is inferior to that of the deaf.

* * *

Latin phrases have two things to recommend themselves to a layman—the hoary age of the language and its incomprehensiveness. We are fond of old things and are more easily convinced by the presence of the relics of a dead saint than by the arguments of a prophet in our very midst. I had learned a little Latin in my lifetime, and that little I had completely forgotten and am thankful. I, however, know that this sentence *ab actu, ad posse consecutio* is translated: "Inference or inducting from what has been to what may be, has force or weight."

"Zeno" wrote: "We are a class of people without a precedent."

The period stretching back of the time of De l'Epee into the twilight of history, may be represented for us by a zero O.

There had never been a great deaf-mute general, inducting from which the probability is that there will never be one.

There had never been great deaf-mute rulers, discoverers, inventors or writers, and then what is our inference?

The fair writer of the "Random Rays" would rather rely on optimism. That consolation nobody wants to take away.

* * *

"Zeno" recommends Hodgson to the praise of the gods for his good editorial on the sign language.

I believe that the word *Combined* contributes to the decadence of the signs. It is a fraud, a dissembler, a coward.

A countryman went into a drug store and had his jug filled with whiskey.

"What medicine do you recommend for the kidney trouble?" asked he of the clerk.

"This is popular," answered the clerk, putting a bottle on the counter.

"I also want something for a stomach ache."

"This medicine will relieve the worst case in five minutes," continued the clerk, producing another bottle.

"What is good for the nerves?"

"This tonic will straighten you out while you sleep."

"Well," replied the farmer, "uncork all these bottles and pour the contents in the jug and shake it well."

On the street, a constable accosted the farmer.

"What be in the jug?" asked the constable, "If it is not whiskey, I do not know my own mother. This is a pure prohibition town, and you will have to see the judge."

"Fellow-citzen," asked the judge: "What is your offense?"

"If your Honor please," answered the countryman, "it is a medicine. I had several compounds—kidney trouble eradicator, stomach ache killer, and nerve straightener—poured into the jug and mixed with the liquor."

"Why do you not take the kidney medicine from the bottle by itself?"

"It may cure some cases but your Honor cannot believe that it will cure every kidney trouble, mine, yours and everybody else's."

"Well, why do you not take doses of the stomach remedy straight when you need it?"

"One cannot be sure that it will cure every stomach ache."

"Why, then, mix the several medicines?"

"I will enlighten you, your Honor," replied the farmer. "It is a combined medicine. If it misses one disease, it will knock some other disease on the head. If it misses all the diseases, I can at least enjoy the whiskey and be happy. It is the *greatest amount of cure for the greatest number of diseases.*"

Whereat the whole village wondered, and at the next election he was chosen Mayor.

ZENO.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Opening of the Baseball Season.

BASE BALL DEFEATS.

Evening in Japan.

From our Regular Correspondent.

KENDALL GREEN, March 20.—The great point of a Washington winter is that, while it is really more disagreeable than the winter of a more rigorous clime, it is over much sooner. We have now reached that most desirable point down here, and the best season of the year in this latitude is now on. The weather has been warm and pleasant all the past week and it is good to be outdoors. Baseball has started in with a big rush, the cinders are flying upon the track, the tennis court is coming into use, and we presume that it won't be so very long before that boon to sweltering K. G., the swimming pool in the gym, will again become the Mecca of our tri-daily pilgrimages.

The baseball prospects at this date seem much brighter than they did last year. The only players of last year's team who have dropped out are Winemiller, '04, Jackson and Curtis, ex-'08. Some of the new men have shown themselves to be decided acquisitions, notably Matzner, I. C., Dillon, K. S., Hinch, I. C., and Hartman, I. C. Two others, who may show up well, are Holliday and Preston, I. C. Two practice games have been played with high school teams and, while we lost both of them, there is no reason for discouragement. The first of these two games was played Wednesday against C. H. S. As the men had only had one afternoon of practice, and two or three of the best players were not in the game and even as it was the line-up was changed all around every inning or two until every likely player had been given a chance, it is not surprising that we lost to the well-advanced high school team, by a score of 18 to 2. Our men could not bat at all at this first go, and we did not have our own best pitchers in the box, but used Harper and Holliday, who both did pretty well, the loose fielding behind them being responsible for the majority of the runs made off their pitching.

The next game was with B. H. S. on Saturday. Though loosely played it was interesting and afforded many gleams of real hope for the future. Harper again started in to pitch for us and remained in the box for five innings. While he gave some bases on balls, which resulted in at least two of B. H. S.'s five runs, clean fielding would have held the score down, and considering the circumstances he acquitted himself very creditably. Dillon, who succeeded him, was very effective, striking out seven and allowing one hit in his three innings. While the fielding was still loose, it was a great advance over that in the earlier game. One of the best plays of the day was a pretty assist by Hinch in center, who after catching a line fly threw to the plate in time to get a runner from third.

Gallaudet's line-up in this game was as follows:—

GALLAUDET	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Elder, l. f,	5	1	1	1	0	1
Hinch, c. f,	5	0	1	1	1	0
Matzner, c,	5	0	2	10	1	0
Leitch, r. f,	5	1	2	1	0	0
Hartman, 3b, s,s,	4	0	0	1	1	1
O'Donnell, 2b,	3	0	1	3	2	1
Preston, 1b,	1	0	0	3	0	1
Seeley, 1b,	2	1	1	8	0	1
Holway, s,s,	1	0	0	0	1	2
Meunier, 3b,	3	0	2	2	0	1
Harper, p,	2	0	0	0	1	0
Dillon, p,	2	1	1	0	0	0

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Gallaudet	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	—4
B. H. S.	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	—5

Bases Stolen—Elder, Leitch (2), Seeley. Bases on Balls—Off Harper, 5, off Dillon, 3. Struck out—By Harper, 2, by Dillon, 7. Hits—Off Harper, 5; off Dillon, 1. Hit by pitched ball—O'Donnell. Umpire, Cooley.

With the return of Captain Hunter the team will be greatly helped out in the infield and at the bat. Cooper, '08, is only waiting till the ankle he twisted not long ago gets strong again before he gets the game too. With Cooper, Hinch, our old reliable Leitch and Elder we shall have a good outfield; with Hunter, Meunier, O'Donnell, Hartman, Matzner, Seeley and Preston, the infield will be capably filled. While for the slab artists we have Meunier, Dillon, Holliday, Harper and O'Donnell to rely on, while Matzner Seeley or Hinch will do the backstopping, Matzner probably doing the bulk of the work. The team only needs practice and confidence to make a good showing, as we confidently expect that it will.

Mrs. A. L. Mills gave a interesting talk to the students in the chapel on Friday night on the work among deaf-mutes in china, and the methods of teaching there. The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon slides and was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

The annual public meeting of the O. W. L. S. was held in the chapel, on Saturday evening, and proved a novel and unique entertainment, in the form of "An Evening in Japan."

I. LECTURE—"Japan Past and Present," Miss Swift, '05.

II. DECLAMATION—A Poem, by Mitsuhito, Emperor of Japan, Miss Neldon, '08.

III. ILLUSTRATION OF CUSTOMS—
1. Meeting on the Street } Miss Fritz
2. A Writing-Lesson } and
3. Preparing Breakfast } Miss Boyd

IV. DECLAMATION—"Washima" Miss Henderson, '06.

V. A JAPANESE WEDDING—

Bride.....Miss Kilgore, '08
Groom.....Miss Gifford, I.C.
Bride's Father.....Miss Thornton, '07
Groom's Father.....Miss Smrha, '08
Bride's Mother.....Miss Kimball, '08
Groom's Mother.....Miss Tade, '07
Bridesmaids Miss Boyd, '08, Miss Marks, 07, Miss Marshall, '06, Miss Leveck, I. C., Miss Dougherty, '08, Miss Jones, '08.
Go Between.....Miss Peel, '08.

Miss Dailey, I. C. with her sister, Mrs. W. P. Souder, attended a masquerade ball, at Madis Hotel in the city, last Friday evening. Miss Goldstein also was present.

Stella Maus, from the Fanwood School, N. Y., was admitted to the Kendall School last week. Her family have moved from New York to this city.

E. ROWSE, '06.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brownell desire the presence of their many friends at the Fiftieth Anniversary of their marriage, to be held at their home, April 10, 1905.

ADDIE M. BURCH.
West Cambridge, N. Y.

Rev. F. C. Smielau's Appointments for March.

24—Watkins, N. Y., 8 P.M.
26—Rochester, N. Y., 11 A.M.
Buffalo, N. Y., 7 P.M.

Address: REV. FRANKLIN C. SMIELAU, Box 324, Williamsport, Pa.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

MARCH, 1905.

26—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.

Every Friday evening at 7:45, at the New England Home, Allston.

S. STANLEY SEARING.
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904-'05, on the following Sundays:

MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
12	9	7	4
26	23	21	18

You are asked to *show* your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,
REV. P. S. GILMORE.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

CHURCH NOTICES.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT, MARCH 26TH, 1905.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., Bible Class, 2:30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

Gallaudet Home, 10 A.M.

Good Shepherd Church, Newburgh, 3:30 P.M.

Litany and short Sermon in St. Ann's Church, Friday, March 31st, 8 P.M. All deaf people earnestly invited.

Guild Meeting in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday, March 28th, 8 P.M. Open to all.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, a. 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

March 30—Parlor Entertainment. Fun, Mystery, Tid-Bit.

The Misses Nettie and May Stemple, of Stroudsburg, Pa., were in town last week.

ANECDOTAL

A short-tempered English sergeant was conducting a firing squad which missed the target in the most unanimous manner at 600 yards. They repeated this manoeuvre at 300, and with equal success at 200. "We've got to do it," the sergeant spluttered at last, setting his teeth; "fix bayonets—we'll charge it!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Mildly as she dusted Mr. Mildly's table, "this would be a great deal cleaner world if there were not any men in it." "If there were not," retorted Mr. Mildly, "the women would do exactly as the Lord did—hunt around for enough dirt to make a man out of."

An Irish butler, newly engaged, requested his master to allow him some whiskey. "There is nothing like it to clean the windows," said he. However, a few minutes later his master chanced to pass through the room, and to his surprise found the glass empty. "Why, Barney," he asked, "where is the whiskey?" "Well, you see, sir," said Barney, not in the least put out, "it is this way: I drink the whiskey and then I breathe on the glass."

Jefferson de Angelis had met in a Chicago club a man who professed a great liking for actors, and who had shown himself to be a pleasant gentleman. The actor was a little surprised a few days later to receive from his new acquamtance a letter to his effect: "I have heard from many sources that your performance of *Fantana* is excellent. Will you send me two seats for any night next week?" Mr. Angelis made inquiries, and learned that the man was the possesssor of, perhaps, not a million, but, at any rate, of large wealth. So he replied: "I have heard from many sources that you are a millionaire. Will you send me four dollars for the seats?"

A clubman who had served on the house committee of a yacht club tells of an odd complaint made by a millionaire member. The member of the house committee kept a copy of the letter of complaint. It read as follows: "Gentlemen,—I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well-know *gourmets*. Among the dishes that I ordered, an omelet was served which contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation as to generosity of portions, this naturally touched my pride; it was, also embarrassing, because, in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or to forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in future when an omelet is ordered for of four persons it should be served with either—(*a*) four flies or (*b*) no flies at all."

Sarah Bernhardt was being entertained at dinner by an American in Florence. "I paint a little," she said. "Once, discouraged with the reception of two new *roles*, I thought seriously of abandoning the stage for the brush. But wisdom came to my rescue in time. I learned in time that the general public—the average man—is able to appreciate more accurately the work of an actress than the work of a painter. The public—the average man—has no great appreciation for painters. All who handle the brush, whether they paint signs or portraits, stand on pretty nearly the same low level in the public mind. How forcibly this fact was one day brought home to me. I had finished a small study, and, calling up my *concierge*, I asked him if he wouldn't take the picture to the frame-maker's and have it framed. 'Cheerfully, madam, cheerfully,' said the *concierge*, and he took up the canvas in a rather careless way. 'Oh, be careful,' I said sharply. 'The paint is not quite dry yet.' 'Never mind about that, madam,' said the *concierge*. 'My clothes are old.'"

The late Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran actress, was a dancer until middle life. It was quite as a novice that, at the age of 40, she began to appear in speaking parts. Once, at a reception in Chicago, she said: "One of my earliest speaking parts was played here in your city, and I was very nervous. I was so very nervous, in fact, that on the first night I made an error that nearly ruined the performance. I had a small part, the part of an old nurse. There was a dying king, a villain, and a band of music in the piece, and the band of music was supposed to be very fine. The queen's life, indeed, was to come near being ruined through the strange, sweet seductiveness of this band. Nothing but compliments and flatteries of the band were to be heard on every side. Well, in the third act, while the band was playing its best, I had to rush on and cry: 'Stop the music. The king is dead.' What I did in my nervousness was to rush on and: 'Stop the music. It has killed the king.'"

WANTED

MUTE WANTED, to assist in light housework and help take care baby two years old. Good home and five dollars monthly. 1240 Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK.

Wedding Bells Ring Merrily.

UNION LEAGUE ACTIVE.

The Xavier Club, Etc.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Louis A. Cohen and Miss Doris A. Helburn were married on Sunday, March 19th, at five o'clock in the afternoon, at the home of the bride's parents.

Rev. Dr. Harris, of Temple Israel, Harlem, officiated. Prof. Enoch Henry Currier acted as interpreter.

A large number of relatives of the couple were present. The parlor and dining room were decorated with flowers and ferns.

At six o'clock, a wedding breakfast was served.

MENU

Sardellen Sandwiches

FISH

Boiled Salmon Sauce Tartar

SOUP

Chicken w. Vermicelli and Morrow Balls

RELISHES

Pickles Gherkins Olives Salted Almonds
Table Celery Chicken Salad

ENTREES

Fresh Beef Tongue Sauce Polonaise
Phila. Squabs Asparagus Egg Sauce

PUNCH CARDINAL

ROASTS

Boston Duck Green Peas
Vermont Turkey Cranberry Sauce

DESSERTS

Fancy Tarts Lemon Meringue Pies Fruits
Pyramids Candies Mottoes
Water ice a la Fantasie Cafe Noir

Prof. Currier, and several others, made fine speeches. Many telegrams of congratulation were received and read.

Many costly and beautiful presents were received.

The happy couple left for Buffalo and Niagara Falls, on their wedding tour.

The bride is a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School. She is petite and pretty, intelligent and amiable, skilled in the art of fancy needlework, and very popular among all who have the happiness of being acquainted with her.

The groom is a graduate of the New York Institution (Fanwood), where he won the Principal's Medal for the "Best Drill Officer," and also high rank as a student. While at Fanwood, he was taught the "art preservative," and to-day is the proprietor of a fine job-printing office.

Mr. Cohen is a Companion in the League of Elect Surds, an honorary member of the Protean Society and the Proteus Boat Club, and is altogether a progressive, energetic and public-spirited young man. His large circle of deaf-mute friends extend to him and his bride congratulations and best wishes for a smooth and happy voyage on the sea of matrimonial life.

As usual, the package party in the rooms of the Union League, last Saturday evening, was a very enjoyable affair, there were about fifty persons, evenly divided as to sex, and Messrs. Kenner and Forsythe acted as auctioneers, and a neat sum was raised for the benefit of the Entertainment Committee, which has already set out an elaborate campaign of fun and pleasure, lasting until the warm weather is once more upon us. The members brought in articles of every imaginable sort and shape, useful, pretty or comical, and evoked no end of risibilities. The ladies took with them boxes laden with delicious eatables and tables were set for their use, and the inner man was well satisfied with the assistance of liquid refreshments furnished by the committee. Mr. Rose, as usual, was most efficient in his efforts that no guest went home unsatisfied as to comfort or refreshment. There was a great deal of dancing in the capacious room across the hall, kindly opened for the use of the merry-makers and was kept up until the wee sma' hours.

Services for the deaf at St. Francis Xavier's last Sunday were not affected to any appreciable extend by the bad weather prevailing. Preceeding an interesting sermon on the life and good works of the just St. Joseph, Rev. Father McCarthy referred to the late St. Patrick's Day celebration. He said it was a cause for congratulation that from the beginning to the end of the long line of paraders marching in honor of Ireland's patron saint, not one disagreeable feature was observed. As a nation, he said the the Irish were always on top, and were destined to hold that place for time immemorial. As usual, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed the sermon, concluding which, the Promoters of the Sacred Heart League held their monthly meeting.

Through Rev. Father McCarthy's good offices, the use of the books in the well stocked parish library of St. Francis Xavier's has been placed at the disposal of the Catholic deaf.

That a ladies' society, has been organized and officered is a thing of actuality and such goes by the name of the Ladies' Society of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, whose object is to co-operate with the well-known organization to celebrate the twentieth year of its existence next January, in recognition of the kind efforts of the Union League to entertain so many of the ladies during the past few years, that the latter consider themselves under obligation to show some appreciation. There are twenty-one members enrolled, and the officers are:—Mrs. Kate Souweine, President; Mrs. Minnie Bothner, Vice-President; Mrs. Mabel Dickerson, Secretary; and Mrs. Sophie Loew, Treasurer. Should the project prove a success, it may become a permanent organization with an object to aid the poor, regardless of creed and race.

Francis Wilson is at the Harlem Opera House this week, presented by Charles Frohman, in "Cousin Billy," the Clyde Fitch play without music, in which Mr. Wilson met with such success at the Criterion Theatre. The pronounced favor with which Mr. Wilson has been received in this play, establishes the wisdom of the innovation made by Mr. Frohman when he decided to present his star, who has been so long associated with comic opera, in a play without music. The cast and production to be seen at the Harlem Opera House are exactly the same as at the Criterion and the cast, of course, includes May Robson and Edward Abeles, whose artistic fun-making has contributed no little to the success of the play. Mr. Wilson offers only one matinee during his engagement.

On a recent visit to his married son in Virginia, Mr. Moses Smith, as usual, indulged in his favorite after dinner smoke. His grandson marveled at the performance, as his pa did not smoke. That was last Summer. A few weeks ago the youngster saw a horse, which evidently was tired and was breathing heavily, and remarked to his papa, "The horse is smoking just like grandpa."

Predictions are that the Easter Vaudeville Entertainment and Reception of the Xavier Deaf-Mutes' Club will be attended by quite a number of out-of-town deaf. Already requests for tickets have reached numbers of the committee. All may be assured of a first class stage entertainment and of cordial reception from members of the club, who will be glad to extend the freedom of their club quarters on the evening before and the evening following the date of the reception and entertainment.

Theo. I. Lounsbury and his brother journeyed to Stamford, Conn., Sunday, and for the first time in twenty-five years, the whole of the family, including their mother and sister, were grouped together at one time. A little business was transacted in regard to disposing of some farm land in Nebraska for which they had been offered a sum, and they agreed to sell out after two months of dickering over the price.

Robert B. McGinnis, who is giving general satisfaction by his capable handling of the Xavier Club's finances, celebrated his passing of the 24th milestone on this mundane sphere, March 18th. A number of his intimate friends gave him a rousing welcome at his home on that evening. The day before, Robert had the pleasure of a hearty handshake with President Roosevelt.

In addition to the high-priced professional talent to be engaged for the Xavier Club's entertainment, the appearance of a team of acrobatic dancing experts, members of the club, is probable. They are known as Kenny and Kent, acrobatic dancers, and their act is bound to make a hit, including as it does some comedy interchange in the sign language.

Mr. Moses Smith left for Virginia on the 20th inst., where he will reside permanently. His wife has gone to Saratoga, N. Y., to visit her daughter; and will remain there all summer, after which she will join her husband and be near one of their sons, who holds a Government position in Washington, D. C.

"Picturesuqe Ireland," with stereopticon views, to be loaned through the courtesy of Mrs. Patrick Ford, wife of the editor of the *Irish World*, will be the theme of a lecture by Mr. Thomas J. O'Connell, a bright young gentleman, recently admitted as a member of the Xavier Club.

The League of Elect Surds has again secured the Cosmopolitan Casino, 169th Street and Amsterdam Avenue for its Annual Outing and Summernight Festival, to be held on Saturday, August 5th, 1905.

OHIO.

Kihm Again to Play with Columbus.

NEW DEVICE TO AID THE DEAF.

Numerous Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

The base ball season will soon be on and from present indications, there will be plenty of the games seen on the institution grounds. There are four clubs already organized among the boys and more will follow from among the little fellows, who no doubt, a few years hence, will be the real thing. The weather, the last few days of the present week has been favorable for out-door exercise, and one has to keep his eyes open and dodge the numerous flying balls when passing, along or get a touch of them. Up to last Saturday all but three of the Columbus A. A. Club team had sent in their contracts for 1905. Among the missing was that of George Kihm's. It looked as if he were holding back for a raise in salary or a better offer. However, Tuesday, his contract reached Columbus, and it was forwarded to President Bryce, who is at French Licks for recreation. Kihm is expected here by the 20th. He has been at his home, Delphos, all winter putting in his time in a saw mill so he has had plenty of the hardening process to put him in good condition for the opening seance. Otto Zipfel, a pupil whose home is in Delphos, was there last week and met Kihm, and says he was looking well and was ready to report at the proper time.

Mr. Albert Berg is to lecture at Dayton this evening for the benefit of the deaf there, who have organized a branch of the Chicago F. A. Messrs. Joseph Neutzling and Fred. Schwartz, of the Advance Society here, have been delegated to attend the benefit.

A few weeks ago several persons connected with the Institution received the prospectus of a new invention to the aid of hearing. The instrument is called The Unique Vibrating Conversation Tube, and is made by A. W. Aylsworth, of Fostoria, O. This week Superintendent Jones received one of the instruments. It was tried on us, and, well, our hopes were again blasted, for no sound of speech awakened our auricular nerves. The instrument may aid those hard of hearing, or those whose hearing is affected by catarrhal effections—but those deaf from spotted fever and the like, there is no balm in it for them.

Mrs. Ella Zell left this morning for Dayton, and from there goes to Germantown to visit with a relative for a week.

Columbus must have something very attractive for Mr. Wm. Friend, of Braddock, Pa. He was over here for several days last week, remaining until Sunday.

The stork was again in Columbus yesterday, and left as a present for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones, a little girl baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith, of Youngstown, who since Christmas, have been visiting with their daughter, Mrs. Fred Pew, in Steubenville, have returned home.

The 78th Annual Report of the Institution for 1904, was delivered to the Superintendent from the State Bindery this week. It comprises 72 pages and is embellished with views of the buildings, grounds, memorial desk presented by the Alumni football team of '04, besides ornamental cuts, the work of the Institution printing office.

The trustees and superintendent give a *resume* of the year's work, and no attempt is made to discuss methods of instruction and other subjects.

Mr. Alvin E. Pope, who had charge of the exhibits of the schools for deaf at the St. Louis Exposition, was a visitor here Tuesday. He was on his way west to close up his business in connection with the Exposition, April 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Garretson have settled down for good, at least for a while, in Toledo, O. Their home is at 1402 W. Bancroft Street.

Charley Bowersmith—there are still a number of boys who recall the name, for he was boys' supervisor while Dr. Fay and Mr. Perry were superintendents—but would they recognize him now? Well, hardly not. In the days he waved the handkerchief to call them to school or dinner, he was a lean, slim piece of humanity, but now he tips the scale at the 260 pound mark, and it is difficult to recognize the Charley of yore. He was about the Institution this week patching up plastering, and among the teachers found several who recalled his former days here.

Mrs. J. H. Stottler is in the city, the guest of Mrs John H. Lynn. She visited her son who is a pupil of the school, Thursday. Mrs. J. Hahn was also a caller—visiting her brother, Clifford Ellerhorst. Mrs. H. received her education in the Cincinnati Day school for the deaf.

The Independent Athletic Association will give an entertainment on the evening of March the 31st. The proceeds are to go towards purchasing apparatus for the various teams.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayer are having as their guest Mrs. Laverna Carr Wornstaff, from near Zanesville.

The *State Journal* of Sunday had a long letter from Leslie Oren, written to Governor Herrick, in which he gave his impressions of a visit to the St. Louis Exposition last Summer and of a visit to the State House with his teacher, Miss Lyons.

March 18, '05. A. B. G.

WEST VIRGINIA

News items should be sent to John C. Bremer, 3504 Jacob Street, Wheeling, West Virginia.

Spring is upon us. Didn't you catch those few rays of sunshine lately? Easter Sunday is only six weeks off, and it's time to get busy. The life of winter garments is limited by March 21st, and that day marks the drawing of the dead line. The spring fever will catch those deaf-mutes here, who have been in constant work, while Mr Chap. Watson is to happily resume bricklaying, after a very long spell of idleness.

A recent copy of the *Silent Herald*, of Chicago, Ill., was received here, and brought us good news about Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Philpott, ex-West Virginians, who have entered the Methodist Episcopal Mission for the Deaf Before going to Chicago, they were in Clendenin, visiting their relatives shortly. As reported, they were accompanied by Miss Mertie Jones, of Charleston, on their return to Akron, O., where she was helped to secure a job.

Graves & Son's stationery on Twelfth Street, has been kindly permitted to be used by the Ladies' Aid Society to sell aprons, laundry-bags, sun-bonnets, etc., for the benefit of the deaf church. The street is good, and they are confident of a big turn out.

Mrs. Patrick Faulkner and Mrs. Chap. Watson joined the confirmation class of St. Matthew's P. E. Church, Friday evening last. Several more mutes are expected soon.

Mr. Joseph W. Auldridge is employed in the State printing-office at Charleston.

Mr McClellan Waugh, of Elk City, is suffering with consumption.

Mr. Clarence Spicer, formerly of Buckhannon, is working in a printing-office in Summersville, Nicholas County.

The deaf of Wheeling are highly pleased over the recent election of Dr. G. A. Aschman, a resident, as President of the Board of Regents of the Romney School. He has an office in the Exchange Bank Building on Twelfth Street. Any deaf-mute having trouble with eyes, ears, nose or throat, should see him.

A nice young fellow of Philadelphia, Pa., who is visiting in South Wheeling, reported at the Bremer cigar factory that there were two married wealthy deaf-mutes living in Merantheim, Germany, from which he came to this country last year. He said that he never knew their names.

Recent news from Dubuque, Ia., reached this State that Mrs. Arnold Kiene has been very sick with la grippe.

Mr. U. S. G. Keener, of Benwood, was elected shortly ago, as successor to Mr. Herbert Stoehr, of St. Matthew's Deaf-Mute Guild. His election was a compliment to his ability.

Mr. Charles Weiner wears a perpetual smile on the streets.

It was reported here that Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. Lepley, formerly of Fairmont, had started housekeeping about ten miles from Niles, O.

Mr. Ernest R. Cowley, of Pittsburg, Pa., will visit his relatives on Wheeling Island before long.

The reporter and his better-half are staying at No. 222 Sixteenth Street till April 1st. They want to thank those deaf-mutes of Wheeling and vicinity very much for the beautiful silver candlestick, which is highly appreciated, and will be very long remembered. After Lent, a party will be given in return.

March 19,'05. J. C. B.

Deaf-Mute out for Vengeance.

George G. Smith, of 234 East Seventy-seventh Street, a deaf-mute, was arraigned before Magistrate Ommen yesterday, in the Yorkville court, on a charge of carrying a revolver without a permit. The Magistrate is well versed in the language of the fingers and he acts as his own interpreter. He learned that Smith had been found in a saloon on Second Avenue near Seventy-seventh Street, where he was making frantic gestures with a revolver containing one loaded shell.

Smith explained that a letter asking a woman member of his family to elope had fallen into his hands and that he was on the warpath for the writer when arrested. His desire for revenge had cooled when he faced the Magistrate and he was let off with a $5 fine and a warning.

Speech Regained After Twenty Years

Unable to speak above an unintelligible whisper for twenty years, Miss Mabel Penny, of No. 19 west 103d street, has, by a cure remarkable for its simplicity, entirely regained her powers of speech. The cure consisted of nothing more than the persistent endeavor to sing and laugh.

At the age of six Miss Penny, as a result of scarlet fever, lost her voice. Many physicians and throat specialists who were consulted told her vocal muscles were atrophied, and the girl became reconciled to a life of silence. During her subsequent years at school in Brooklyn all her recitations had to be conducted in writing. Knowing that her speechlessness would prove a great handicap, she later learned stenography, and for ten years she endeavored to pass her time in business pursuits.

Two weeks ago, wishing to have her life insured, Miss Penny went to the offices of one of the local companies, and was referred to its physician, Dr. Richard Ellis of No. 1,867 Seventh avenue, for examination. Dr. Ellis, at first thinking thst the girl was suffering from a cold, learned of her long silence and became interested in the case.

He assured the girl that her vocal cords were in perfect condition; that there was no sign of aphonia, and that the cords were simply dormant from lack of exercise.

"Just practise the scales every day and laugh a lot," he advised her, "and you will be well in two weeks."

Greatly encouraged, Miss Penny daily took long walks in Central Park, near her home, all the while trying to sing and laugh. Improvement was rapid and sure, and day before yesterday her voice was wholly restored.

She is now able to speak clearly, in any register she chooses, and with no effort. At first her efforts to sing the scales resulted only in inarticulate gurgles, which, however, soon gave way to clear tones.

Mrs Banta the girl's mother, last night confirmed the details of her daughter's recovery of her long lost voice and stated her wonderment at the remarkable simplicity of the cure. Miss Penny, though happy at the recovery, was loath to discuss the matter.

Dr. Ellis seeks no credit for himself for effecting the cure, although he admits it is one of the most remarkable instances in medical annals, especially as the girl, in possession of a perfect vocal apparatus, was kept silent for so many years, merely because vocal exercise had not been advised for her.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WATERBURY, CT.

We, the ten members of the Waterbury Deaf-Mutes' Pleasure Circle, are delighted with the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. We have received several numbers and we are becoming very much interested in it. We are convinced that it cultivates a taste for good reading.

The writer called to see Mr. Fred. Holland the other day, at the club house, and found him with lots of work. He is always busy.

Mr. Herman Erbe is full of the subject, and gives a bright short talk, about the Russia and Japan War. He expresses the hope little Japan will give big Russia a sound flogging.

The writer, and John Sodoloski, of Union City, Conn., contemplate a trip to the Metropolis and then to the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at 163d Street, during the middle of May. They will be glad to see the three companies, A, B, C, drill. It will be an interesting sight tothe latter, who has never seen the deaf and dumb drill.

Mr. W. F. Gennett, of Thomaston, Conn., paid a visit to the Waterbury Deaf-Mutes' Pleasure Circle recently. He was full of fun. Was graduated from the New York Institution with the class of 1870, and immediately obtained employment in New York. A year or two later, he had to go to Thomaston, Conn., and he obtained a better position in a large clock factory, S. M. F.

A Progressive Conundrum

They were working the conundrum racket at a small sociable the other evening when a previously silent youth put his oar into the current conversation.

"I've got one," he said.

"What is it?" asked the crowd.

"Why is heaven like a baby?"

They wrestled with it for ten minutes and gave it up; then he submitted this answer:

"Because heaven is home, home is where the heart is, where the heart is, is the chest, a chest is a box, a box is a small tree, a small tree is a bush, a bush is a growing plant, a growing plant is a beautiful thing, a beautiful thing is a primrose, the primrose is a pronounced yeller, and a pronounced yeller is a baby."

After which he once more relapsed into silence.—*Hoosier.*

PHILADELPHIA.

Newspaper Romance Ends in Marriage.

TO REDUCE THE HOME MORTGAGE.

Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The *North American* reported the following last week:

With her little deaf pupils as attentive witnesses, Miss Myrtle M. Long, a teacher in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and Robert Henderson, of Council Bluffs, Ia., were married yesterday (March 15th), in Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Mount Airy.

The bridegroom being deaf, the clergyman, the Rev. Simon C. Hill, rector of the church, read the questions one by one from the ritual, and then handed the book to Henderson, pointing out the place so that he could read the pledges.

It was as a student of lip reading, shortly after his hearing left him entirely about a year ago, that Henderson met Miss Long. He was then city editor of the Council Buffs *Nonpareil Daily News* and Miss Long was teaching the lip method in Council Bluffs. Henderson became one of her pupils.

That was the beginning of the romance. Then Miss Long came East and since September has been a teacher in the Mount Airy institution.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, held last week, we believe, it was decided to pay off $800 more of the mortgage. This payment will reduce the amount still due to $700. This ought not to be hard to raise, and it is hoped that a concentrated effort will soon be made to pay it off.

Possibly the Ways and Means Committee of the Board of Managers, or a special committee, if appointed, may be able to raise the amount between now and Convention time, and a sort of celebration might then be held at the convention on account of it. This Committee might request the deaf of all the large cities of the State to unite with it in an effort to raise the balance of the mortgage and send or bring to the Convention the result of their work. The money might be raised in various ways; by parties, entertainments, contests, clipping parties, suppers, lawn-fetes, picnics, excursions, sales, and other ingenious ways. If fourteen (14) cities or localities would assume to raise the small sum of $50 00 each by Convention time, or earlier if possible, the $700 would be realized. But it would be possible for other places to help some also Why not try it?

A friend sent the following: Lester G. Zimmerman, of Clearfield, Pa., is the happy father of a baby daughter, which the stork brought to his home last Thursday evening, 9th inst. Lester now wears a broad smile while smoking his pipe. Mrs. Zimmerman, (*nee* Lavina Habbershon) and baby are getting along all right. Congratulations.

The annual elections of the Clerc Literary Association will be held on this Thursday evening, March 23d. No exciting time is looked for, few caring to take office at present. Competition will therefore be confined to few who can give the offices their time. This does not mean a lack of interest in the Association by the more experienced members, but other work compels them to decline additional responsiblity for the present, at least. We earnestly hope that an acceptable list of officers will be elected, which ought to be possible.

Philadelphia Local Branch will hold its monthly meeting on Saturday evening, March 25th, at Harrison Hall, Eighth and Spring Garden Streets. Prof F. W. Booth will deliver a lecture after the business is finished. An admission price of ten cents will be charged to meet expenses.

About a dozen deaf of this city received a special invitation to witness the Royal Lilliputians in "Dreamland" at the National Theatre, last week, through the generosity of Mr. A. L. Pach, of New York.

It is expected that the upper room of All Souls' Church will be ready for use next Sunday. A small force of volunteers, Messrs Lipsett, Yoder, and Higgins, assisted Pastor Dantzer in fixing little book racks on the back of the seats and arranging other small details last Saturday afternoon. The chancel will be finished this week. After this the repairs to the lower part of the church will begin, and who knows when they will be done? Let's hope before Easter.

The March quarterly business meeting of the Clerc Literary Association took place last Thursday evening. By far, the most important work done at this meeting was the reading and adoption of the rules which have been thoroughly revised, by a committee appointed for the purpose. It consisted of Rev. C. O. Dantzer and Messrs. Ziegler, Feighan, Lipsett and Reider. This revision is part of the "house-cleaning" planned for the church and its branch organizations.

If more of the local deaf would make an effort to attend the Lenten services at All Souls' Church on Wednesday evenings, we feel sure they would be more than rapaid for the trouble. Rev. Mr. Dantzer gives very interesting addresses at these services. Attend a service and see for yourself.

On Inaugural Day John A. Roach sent to President Theodore Roosevelt congratulations upon his inauguration and his best wishes for his happiness and success and the continual prosperity of the American people during his administration. A few days later, Mr. Roach received from the White House a card which read as follows: "The President thanks you heartily for your congratulations."

Walter, the youngest son of Mrs. M. J. Syle, was confirmed at St. Peter's Church, Germantown, by Bishop Mackay-Smith on March 19th. Irene, Mrs. Syle's daughter, was confirmed at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J., by Bishop Scarborough, on March 12th. Mrs. Syle was present at both services.

Messrs. Lewis and Blanckensee together paid short visits to Reading, Pa., on Saturday, 11th inst. They returned on Sunday.

After service at All Souls' last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Dantzer left for Wilmington, Del., and preached there in the evening.

It was reported to us that Mr. Richard Ormord and family have recently removed to Philadelphia from Wilmington, Del.

Adolph Krokenberger, of Paulsboro, N. J., was a recent visitor to All Souls'.

The Board of Managers of the P. S. A. D. will meet in Philadelphia in the latter part of April.

There will be Confirmation at All Souls' on April 30th. Bishop Whitaker, who cancelled his appointment at All Souls' last year, will most likely officiate this year, Service at 2:30 P.M.

READING, PA.

On Wednesday evening, March 8th, a social party was given by Mr. John W. Shappell, and was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Riegel, with whom he boards, and has worked at cigar-making for many years. The evening was spent in games and other amusements. A fine repast was partaken of. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs John H. Riegel, Mr. and Mrs. Reutschler, Mrs. C. D Parlaman, Misses M. M. Eakins, Ida B Eakins, Helen G. Wink, Ada Parlaman, Alice Parlaman, Marie Riegel, Annie Riegel, Mamie Good, Mamie Stauffer, Messrs. John W. Shappell, A. B. Young, Titus Seidel, James N. Riegel, George N. Thompson, Harrison F. Yoder, James Esterline and others.

Saturday evening, week ago, Mr. and Mrs. John Botzum entertained a number of friends at their residence, in honor of Messrs. John R. Lewis and Henry Blanckensee, of Philadelphia, who came to call on their old folks. Mr. Wm A. Burkert gave humorous exhibitions in sign-language. Refreshment was served. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Botzum, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Harner, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Parlaman, Misses Emma Botzum, Lillie Botzum, J. W. Shappell, H. F. Yoder, William A. Burkert and William Jones.

February last, Miss. M. M. Eakins, Mr. John W. Shappell and Mr. Harrison F. Yoder, were invited to have tea, by Mrs. Helen G. Wink. The evening was pleasantly spent.

Mrs. Parlaman and Miss Annie G. Eckenroth, took a flying trip to Shoemakerville, Pa., where the former's mother lives. She said her mother has recovered her health.

Mr. David Tobias spent the winter with his parents, in the country. He was recently called to work again in Reading, Pa. He boards with his mother.

Roger Williams and Alvin Williams visited the Mt. Airy School for the Deaf, where the exhibitions were given, for the benefit of the Home Fund, on March 4th. They reported there were fine moving pictures at Wissinoming Hall.

Harrison F. Yoder announces that he will move to Shillington, Pa., soon, where his step-mother lives.

Last February, Rev. F. C. Smielau celebrated the Holy Communion at Christ Church. Quite a number of deaf people attended it. He will come here again in Easter Day.

ROSY.

The Rev. Austin W. Mann expects to hold a Service in the Chapel of Trinity Church, Columbus, on the fifth Friday in Lent, April 7th, at 7.30 P. M. On Saturday evening, he will be at All Saints' Church, Portsmouth. Services will be held on Sunday the 9th, at 10 30 A. M., 3 and 7 P. M. Bishop Vincent will administer Confirmation in that Parish at Morning Service. He expects to Confirm at Trinity Church, Columbus, on Sunday evening, April 30th, at 7.30 o'clock. The Rev. Mr. Mann will be present also.

Michael Weidman formerly of York, Pa., is now a resident of Morocco, Ind. He spent a couple of days at the St. Louis Fair, last summer.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

FANWOOD.

The Battle of Gettysburg

CADETS VISIT ARMORY.

Ready for Base Ball.

From our Regular Correspondent.

"The Battle of Gettysburg," was the subject of a interesting lecture, given by Prof. E. S. Burdick, on Saturday evening last, at half past seven. In the absence of the first and second vice-presidents the Secretary, Miss Mary Tanzas, presided at the meeting. At a glance, the title suggests an episode in the Civil War, but it nevertheless proved a rare treat to the student of history. A map of the United States was used, and the location of the battlefield pointed out. The professor's visit to the battlefield last year and the scenes evoked were graphically described. It was one of the battles upon which the stability of the Union depended. The battle began July 1, 1863, and lasted three days; eighty thousand being engaged on each side, and the loss of each being more than twenty thousand. It ended in the defeat and retreat of General Lee and put an end forever to the thought of an invasion of the North. At the conclusion, the professor was given a vote of thanks, and then the meeting adjourned.

Saturday evening, March eighteenth, a party of six boys, composed of Cadets McAllister, Rosenberg, Dempsey, Lovitch, Cohen and Barry, at the invitation of Mr. Joseph Berkel, a tutor of the boys, attended a review of the Seventy-first Regiment. It was held in the Seventh Regiment Armory, situated at Sixty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue, at half past eight o'clock in evening. Mr. Berkel is a private in Company B, of that regiment, and appeared in full dress uniform at parade. The reviewing officer was Brigadier General Nelson H. Henry, Adjutant General, State of New York. The evening parade was executed with the utmost precision, and it was a noticeable fact that our school uses the same tactics in drilling. The presentation of trophies and medals to the various companies being over, dancing was immediately begun. Time flew so rapidly, that the party was obliged to leave, reaching school at a late hour, tired but happy.

Saturday, the 18th, was the natal day of Captain Vernon Sterling Birck. The writer doubts if he can give his correct age, considering the whiteness of his hair, but by appearance he certainly looks full of ginger. He made Father Time look harmless this time, for he is still young with "his flowing locks of white." The cadet officers expected to have given him a warm reception, but he was called home the day before to spend his birthday at home.

St. Patrick's Day was appropriately observed with befitting ceremonies by the true sons of Ireland, this school having a pretty good number of these gems of the Emerald Isle. The green color was worn everywhere. A quartette chorus sang a song entitled, "The Wearing of the Green," in honor of the gala occasion. Captain McAllister was basso, Quinn, soprano, O'Brien, contralto, and Barry, tenor.

Cadet Benjamin De Castro, a little boy of ten years, has recently received a letter from his parents who are residing in Panama.

Miss Alice Esmeralda Judge has been of late acting the part of the famous Beatrice Fairfax in affections of the heart to the girl pupils. "Every cause of human woe may nearly always be traced to the heart," is her fundamental principle.

The muddy condition of the ground has been productive of a humorous incident among the small boys. One of the little boys, in his efforts to out-distance the others in running, happened to slip and fall right into a mud hole. The result was more disastrous than he expected, and whereupon he immediately made a bee line to the lavatory.

Cadet Louis H. Kutner proves himself a regular theatre matinee god, as shown by recent reports.

Cadet W. Bergman's birthday occurred on Monday, the 20th. He has our sincerest congratulations in adding another year to life's calendar.

Prof. W. G. Jones gave "The Mystery of the Empty House," in the chapel, Sunday evening last.

The Principal went to the Department of Education, in Albany, last week.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox, manager of athletics, has arranged the following schedule of games for the Fanwood Regular baseball team. The first game will be played at Brooklyn, on Saturday next. Lack of suitable grounds for return games made it impossible to complete the schedule as planned last Fall. The schedule:

March 25—Brooklyn High School, at Brooklyn.
April 29—Riverview Academy, at Poughkeepsie.
May 3—N. Y. Military Academy, at Cornwall.
May 24—Mt. Pleasant Academy, at Ossining.

Louis A. Cohen, a graduate of this school, was married on Sunday to Doris A. Helburn. Principal Currier interpreted the ceremony. The bride and groom, after a most charming reception and banquet, left for Niagara Falls where honeymoon will be spent. We extend best wishes for the future happiness and success of our former schoolmate.

S. C.

Converting a Horse.

One of the magnificent horses belonging to a fire-engine company developed a vicious desire to bite everyone that came near him; and he always was careful to subdue his criminal desires until the back of his victim was turned to him.

There was no better horse in the service, for he always was ready to rush to his place and do his whole duty, which was a great deal, as he was powerful and swift. The excitement was alluring to him, and he enjoyed fire duty. He was dignified and placid at fires, but when back in his stall he always was ready for biting, and biting viciously, too.

One afternoon a stranger entered the engine-house, and asked to see the foreman. When that official arrived, the stranger told him that he had come to cure his biting horse, and that he would cure him in one day for five dollars. The foreman looked at his credentials and permitted him to take the horse away with him, with the understanding that the animal was to be brought back that night cured.

Only three hours elapsed when the stranger returned with the horse, and pronounced him entirely cured. He stood beside the horse and his shoulder against the nose of the animal, turned his back, and finally induced others to do the same; and the horse merely looked meekly on. His eyes were suffused with tears, and he kept on weeping, while he glanced reproachfully at the man who had cured him.

"What have you done to the horse that has changed him thus?" inquired the foreman.

"Oh, we had a revival of religion, and I made him cry and come up to the mourners' bench. He is converted."

"That's all nonsense." said the foreman.

"You ask the horse if it is. He is a converted horse, sorry for his sins, and anxious to be taken into full communion. After six months' probation, we shall take him into our church for converted horses. He's all right."

The man was paid his fee of five dollars, and went away. Two or three days elapsed, and he appeared again, asking for the foreman, and and when that official appeared, he told him that for another fee of five dollars he would tell him how to cure biting horses. The agreement was made, and the stranger said:

"I took your horse out to my little suburban place, hitched him to a buggy, drove down the road, got out and left him within about ten feet of a dummy man, stuffed with straw. I got over the fence and watched for developments. Your horse gradually stepped up to the dummy and suddenly grabbed it and gave it a vicious shaking; but only for a half minute. Then he began to cough and snort and weep. He had grabbed and shaken up a full pound of cayenne pepper. He got enough to last him a lifetime."

Musings of a Mild Man.

In spite of modern progress in invention, there is still a fortune awaitidg the man that will guarantee a merry springtime free from spring poets.

One disadvantage of living always beneath electric lights is in never knowing what moonlight is like.

No doubt when Mr. Fleming gets us sitting close enough to please him he will find a way of jollying female passengers into the proper way of alighting from street cars.

In view of modern selfishness, what could be more touching than the courteous alacrity with which the city's snowshovelers stop work to let pedestrians pass without delay?

A reason for hesitancy on the part of single men to enter married life is found in the high color with which those already trapped paint the joys of their changed state.

When a man reads that baldness is more prevalent among the crudite than among the ignorant, he begins to feel for the little skating-rink.

No modern tip on the stock market has bettered that given ages by Solomon, who said: "Buy the truth, and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding."

There were, last year, 532 paper mills in operation in European Russia, employing 46,100 hands and turning out paper to the value of about $24,000,000.

CONCERNING PROCTOR'S

WEEK OF MARCH 27.

With Henry Woodruff as leading man, the stock company at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre will produce, during the week of March 27th, "Anna Karenina," A. E. Lancaster's four act drama, adapted from Leo Tolstoi's powerful story of the same name. During the week of March 27th the Proctor "Girl Act, Number Three," will head the vaudeville bill. Lillian Bender, violinist; Gregory and Wood, club jugglers and hoop rollers; O'Brien and Durilo, Irish sister act, and other strong acts, including the motion pictures, complete the bill.

A strong vaudeville bill is offered at Proctor's Twenty-third Street during the week of March 27th, the headliners being the Irish band. "Ireland's Own Band" of forty people, introducing new specialties and solos. Other interesting features on the bill will be: Adgie's lions, in a big animal act; Edith Helena, soprano singer; Frederic Bond and company, in a new comedy sketch, entitled "Handkerchief Number Fifteen;" Elmer Tenley, monologist; Marguerite and Hanley, novel gymnasts and hand to hand balancers; Roberts. Hayes and Roberts; Barrett and Bell, Irish comedians; Kelly and Bartlett, comedy acrobats, and the motion pictures.

During the week of March 27th the stock company at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre will offer an exceptionally good revival of Marie Corelli's masterpiece, "The Vendetta." This famous play, when first produced, received much enthusiastic praise from the critics and the public, and at this revival special arrangements have been made for elaborate scenery and high class music. The vaudeville bill will include: The Basque Quartette, Raymend and Caverly, the leaders of German comedians, and a dozen other strong acts. New and interesting views have been provided for the motion pictures.

"The Wife," a great success when produced at the Lyceum Theatre, and setting forth to the fullest extent the artistic ability of David Belasco and H. C. De Mille, will be presented at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre during the week of March 27th, with elaborate scenery and accessories. The cast will be headed by Miss Beatrice Morgan, and will include Riley Chamberlin, George Howell and other favorites. First-class Vaudeville and the Motion Pictures.

Making Cuts for Newspapers.

American newspapers to-day are almost entirely illustrated by photography; and where reasonable care is used in the preparation of the plates, and the subsequent printing is not too rapid, results are often attained that almost equal the original photographs themselves. The pictures are halftone etchings or zinc plates. The process consists in rephotographing the original photograph through a "screen" printing the new negative thus attained upon a sensitized zinc plate and then subjecting the latter to an etching bath of nitric acid. The screen is simply a glass plate bearing fine parellel lines crossing each other at right angles, thus forming a microscopic network. The number of lines to an inch varies according to the character of the work desired; for ordinary newspaper pictures a screen carrying sixty-five lines to the inch is generally used, though for fine magazine and book work the number frequently runs to two hundred and twenty. The purpose of the screen is to give body and substance to an otherwise flat and colorless photograph. After the screen negative is made upon the smooth surface, the latter is carefully gone over with an ink roller. The ink is wiped of with damp cotton, but an almost infinitesimal quainty of it adheres to the lines of the photograph. The plate is next treated to gentle rubbing with "dragon's blood," a red, clay-like powder, the secret of which is jealously preserved by the trade. This accentnates the picture on the zinc. Then the plate goes into its bath of nitric acid which eats away every portion of the surface that is not covered with ink and "Dragon's blood." In other words a reproduction of the original photograph is left in relief. To such a state of perfection has the mere mechanical part of the process arrived that in most newspaper offices it is possible to put the finished cut into the form ready for strereotyping within an hour and a quarter after the original photograph has been developed. This takes lively and expert hustling on the part of the photographers and etchers.—*Booklover's Magazine.*

Platinum has been drawn into wire so fine that even when placed on a piece of white paper it is invisible to the naked eye.

Millions of Hindoos live, marry and rear families on an income which rarely exceeds 50 cents a week. They never eat meat and need little clothing.

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Admission 25 Cents.

Tickets can be had of any member of the Bible Class, or of

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THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the *old school*, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crouter, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine pfcture in black and white, size 25x32 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the *finest ever published*, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 6x9¼ inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A *marked* sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or $1.00 per *baker's dozen.*

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to $2.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

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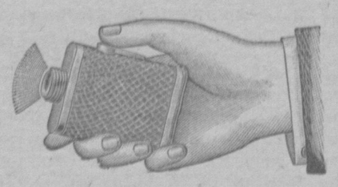
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Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.—PSALM 107 : 43.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about $30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, *Treasurer*,
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